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POEMS
LOLA LA MOTTE IDDINGS



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Poems

by

Lola La Motte Iddings

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Poems

Dedicated to the Memory of
LOLA LA MOTTE IDDINGS
by her friend
MARY G. E. ALDRICH

Lolita

THE poems of Lola La Motte Iddings have been printed as a tribute to her memory, and for the gratification of her friends, since they reveal the depth of her noble character and furnish an insight into her nature as intimate as the experience of personal intercourse.

Endowed with a strong religious instinct; in its elemental spirit and emotional expression an inheritance from her father and his Quaker ancestors, and in its steadfastness and definiteness a result of her mother's early Calvinistic education and training; her religious character developed in the freer atmosphere of less rigid Congregationalism and under the directing influence of her own individual experience.

By temperament artistic, her fundamental impulses were musical; the source of their depth and breadth maternal, that of their emotional expression, in this case also, paternal. The early training of her musical impulses, instrumental and vocal, developed an appreciation of rhythm and a sense of euphony. A talent for accurate and artistic delineation found expression without serious effort in beautifully delicate pen-and-ink drawings, and being supplemented by a sensitiveness to color, led to a

keen enjoyment of the beauties of Nature, and enabled her to receive vivid and lasting visual impressions and convert them into the lifelike imagery of her fertile imagination. While her mother was interested in the best forms of prose literature, she was indebted to her father for that fondness for poetry which showed itself in those expressions of her emotions and imagination found in her poems.

Instinctively romantic, with a tragic tone, a sad experience, at an early age, profoundly affected her life and cast its shadow along her pathway. Its somber influence was gradually dispelled by her religious convictions, her confidence in Divine love, and by her buoyant disposition, a priceless inheritance from her mother whose joyful faith is commemorated in the poem dedicated to her. Her own buoyancy shows itself in the poem, "At Dawn," written while ill and alone in the Tyrol. With an occasional reversion toward Dolores she lived almost wholly in bright sunshine as Lolita. Cheerfulness under adverse circumstances amounted to a religious tenet and was one of her striking and endearing characteristics.

Her energy and courage, as well as her mental powers, were far greater than her physical strength, undermined as it was by constitutional weakness, against which she struggled without complaint. Repeatedly she undertook the serious study of literature, spending four happy years

at Vassar, taking correspondence work with an instructor in Boston, and attending classes as a graduate student at Yale, but her plans were interrupted, again and again, by years of devotion to her parents in their old age and by periods of illness. After the death of her father, her elder brother, and of two of her lifelong friends, within a few months of one another, followed by the collapse of her physical powers, she wrote those ghostly lines prophetic of her own long journey into the night: "The dead are calling, and I go in haste."

All the poems found among her manuscript have been printed with few exceptions, although many of them, no doubt, were written without thought of their ever being published. Arranged in chronological order, with some slight deviations, they serve to convey an idea of her spiritual and emotional evolution, which was that of a consistent Christian and a poetic idealist. Some of her poems are in the nature of a *tour de force*,—translation of classic verse, or attempts at character sketches,—but many are expressions of personal emotions, revelations of her inmost thoughts and aspirations, and as such they are presented to her sympathetic friends as a fitting memorial of her impulsive life and her self-sacrificing love.

"Up spirit! Greet the new day with a song."

J.P.I.

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Poems

IT comes floating through the evening,
This dream of mine,
Floating in the mists that hover
Lowly o'er the verdant meadow
When stars do shine.

It comes softly in the morning,
My dream so fair,
Gliding down the golden staircase
Leading from the gates of heaven.
Oh, heart beware!

It comes ever at my bidding,
This dream so dear;
Yea, it often comes unbidden,
And when other thoughts have risen
It lingers near.

It comes but to vanish quickly,
A flitting dream,
As the mist rolls from the meadow.
It is a dancing shadow,
A bright sunbeam.

NO one saw the little flower
Nestling on thy breast;
No one knew the hand that placed it
Gently there to rest.

It was all I had to give thee,
Therefore let it lie,
Pure and spotless as the snowflake
Drifting from the sky.

Let it go with thee forever,
Earth-born though it be;
Such a small and trembling flower
Will not trouble thee.

It shall blossom purer, fairer,
Safe with thee above,
For this little spotless flower
Is a young friend's love.

I CAN do little for Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Too weak to lift the burden that I would,
Too weak to suffer with the brave,

Too weak to do the thing I should.

Adoring at Thy Feet I fall,

I love Thee, Master; that is all.

I would adore Thee for Thy endless love,

Mirrored in every bird and wayside flower;
Would praise Thee for Thy wondrous works,

For all Thy majesty and power.

Here prostrate at Thy feet I fall,

I love Thee, Master; that is all.

I hear Thee in the shouting of the waves

That rock and ride in gladness on the deep.

I hear Thee in mysterious winds

That o'er the moonlit meadows sweep.

Thy love is infinite and mine so small,

Yet, dearest Lord, it is my all.

I catch Thy smile, when at the close of day

The distant hills in crimson sunlight lie.

I hear Thee, see Thee, everywhere,
In all the earth, and sea, and sky.
Adoring at Thy feet I fall,
I love Thee, Master; that is all.

HERE I sit 'neath the apple tree
Singing soft and low.
The apple-blossoms dance in glee
And nod coquettishly to me
As I swing to and fro.

Here I dream of such lovely things,
Softly lest they go!
Of little people with gauzy wings
Who bind me fast with cobweb strings
And swing me to and fro.

Here above me they softly fly,
Laughing as they go.
They swing me low, they swing me high,
They seem to toss me to the sky
As they pull to and fro.

Here I sit as the sun sets red
Swinging to and fro,
The little people all have fled,
The blossoms drop above my head,
And I sing soft and low.

I COME unto Thy table now
Remembering Thy great love,
And peace steals o'er my troubled heart
Shed downward from above.

Yet while on me Thy grace doth fall
My heart, with woe oppressed,
Cries out for one who knows Thee not,
Who will not be Thy guest.

And when they sing "Remember me,"
My heart cries up to Thee
"Not me alone!" Forbid it Lord!
Remember him—then me.

O teach me in this holy hour
To know Thy wondrous care,
To feel that he, for whom I grieve,
Thine anxious love doth share.

AND is there need that man should build
A giant mound to teach of God,
When down amid its loosened stones
God placed a flower within the sod.

Its graceful leaves unfold a law
As mighty as the stars reveal,
While in its perfumed heart there dwells
A purer truth than stones conceal.

LOVE comes from Thee, as sunlight from on high,
A hallowed guest that never may depart.
Welcome the thought, I love, though full of pain,
Sunlight that deepens shadows in each heart.
I love, nor ask "Shall I be loved again?"

Enough for me, that on this earth there dwells
A being, in whose nobleness I find
A theme for rapt'rous thought and sweetest dreams,
At once the joy and anguish of my mind,
Since far removed as some sweet star he seems.

Enough, that Thou hast granted me to love,
Enough—then bid my yearning soul be still,
Grant me Thy peace, nor let my heart complain,
Make it my thought, while waiting on Thy will
To love, nor ask, "Shall I be loved again?"

O THOU who givest the heavy laden rest
Pity my weariness.

In restlessness I'm driven to and fro.
For one I love may wander aye unblest,
Plunged by Thy law into eternal woe.

Thou who hast taught the human heart to love,
Look on my misery.
Now unto Thee in agony I cry,
Look down in mercy from Thy throne above,
“And come, O Master! e'er my brother die.”

O Thou who even mark'st the sparrow's fall
Strengthen my doubting heart.
How can Thine everlasting love grow cold!
Thou who didst die upon the cross for all
Will surely draw us all within Thy fold.

NO one in sympathy however skilled
Can stop the aching of a burdened heart;
To ease and not to heal is all our art.
No god of man's own fancy ever filled
The saddened mind with gladness till it thrilled
With ecstasy divine. Let thoughts that dart
Like rays of light, of the true sun a part,
Warm up the heart that some great grief has chilled.
Drop the "I know not" for the strong "I know."
Take the sweet words by holy lips inspired,
Read ever 'till thine inmost soul is fired
With love that lifts man from his earthly woe;
Until within thy breast the truth shall shine
That thou hast all things in the love divine.

O THAT some word of mine might tell how sweet,
In sorrow, was the thought "the Master wept,"
When in the grave his loved disciple slept,
And prostrate grief lay weeping at his feet.
Those feet on mercy's errands always fleet,
But now with heavenly persuasion kept
Until four suns across the sky had crept.
With no light word of comfort did he greet
The weeping woman, though he knew the end,
Now close at hand, would be divinely bright;
Nor strove to prove that what seemed wrong was right,
But suffered in her suffering as a friend.
O heart so tuned to all our grief and care,
Where'er is sorrow Thou art weeping there.

INTO the darkened chamber there glided
Softly a ray of heavenly light,
Straight to the snowy bed it descended
Forming a circle, wondrously bright.

Forth from the shadows, evening was spreading,
Crept to the light a golden-haired child,
Rested his head where heaven was smiling,
Wreathed in the halo he answering smiled.

Thus may in life, when shadows are growing,
Each of us turn to some heaven-lit place,
Smiling to find though all is in darkness
Smiles for us still on the Heavenly Face.

WE are noiseless children of vapor, and rise
In eager haste upward to dance in the skies.
Our lives—but a moment—are lost in delight
As we gracefully chase one another in flight.

By each changing breath of the wind we are tossed,
Now upward, now downward, now stopping to find
That others are coming, and in hurry we wind
A bright column heavenward, where we are lost.

May we, oh so fickle, unstable in mind,
Though hurrying onward, though flying so fast,
Tossed hither and thither by each fitful wind,
With all our wild tossing reach heaven at last.

GOOD conscience is our beacon light
That warns us where wild breakers roar,
Neglected, all its light dies out
And we are crushed upon the shore.

MANKIND grows weary" is the undertone
That floats half-conscious through the ocean's roar,
As tireless waves unceasing wash the shore.
The soul seeks rest, where rest is all unknown
And disappointed hears that voice a-moan.
Seek not repose, and listen yet once more,
Then shall that voice above the billows soar,
Joyous as air o'er salted marshes blown,
Chanting in rhythmic pulses through the sea
Of endless work, a grand prophetic song
Of godlike strength which shall be man's e'er long,
When from this earth the restless soul is free,
And with the ocean's energy sublime
Shall move exultant through unending time.

LOVE is a river that would flow
Forever calm and bright;
Dashed into spray, its misty tears
Are rainbowed into light.

Love is a jewel flashing forth
The brightness of the sun;
Crushed, and a thousand glories shine
Where there has been but one.

Love is a never ending song
Taught to the soul at birth,
That it might sing of heavenly things
While waiting on the earth.

O'ER-shadowed by the cornerstone
Unconsciously to lie
While earthly change, sunshine and shade
Chase one another by.

Unshaken by the storms without
In deepest peace to rest,
All undisturbed beneath this stone
To dwell secure and blest.

O'er-shadowed by the Cornerstone
The soul in peace may dwell,
Knowing whatever storms may rise
In that place all is well.

I WILL sing thee a song, my heart so dear,
Sing thee a song that none other can hear,
 As we walk alone in the night;
 When all the turmoil of day is stilled
 When the cups of the lilies with dew are filled
 As they dream in the pale moonlight.

A song which the sighing night winds know,
As they rise and fall in cadence low,
 Breathing a thought for words too deep.
 Oh wonderful music and wonderful song,
 That trembled in ecstasy all the night long,
 Till my heart and I fell asleep.

“Women exist that men may be great.”

THAT harp which once so sweetly sung
To greet Aurora, rising from the seas,
Through all the night in silence hung
Till kissed to music by the morning breeze.

Men traveled far, to wonder as it played,
And all around it costly gifts were strewn;
Yet even kings must wait Aurora's maid,
The morning wind, to fan it into tune.

The harp is shattered; while the lonely breeze
Neglected, silent, o'er the plain doth blow;
And yet divine, since God alone can tell
From whence it comes and whither it will go.

SILVER moon, my heart is weary,
Comfort me by thy soft light.
Fleecy clouds that shone at noonday
With a splendor dazzling white,
Dark as shadows now are spreading,
Messengers of coming night.

High above my head at noonday
Rushed the wind through bending trees,
Singing in the tossing branches
Of the far off, restless seas—
Then my heart so full of gladness
Sang above the joyous breeze.

Higher still bright clouds, like fancies,
Gently o'er the trees did skim,
Melting in the sun's warm kisses
Till they showed thy slender rim.
There amidst the noonday splendor
Thou didst seem so weak, so dim.

Now when all is gloom and darkness
Thou dost shine, a radiant light,

In whose soft and mellow glory
E'en the shadowed clouds grow bright.
Comfort me, sweet light of heaven,
In the darkness of my night.

SWEET love is waking, spring is here.
The bob-o-links are singing,
 The blossoms gay, bright butterflies,
 The clouds that float in azure skies,
Each one the news is bringing.
 And a world of hope all around me lies,
 Yet my heart with the pine tree above me sighs.

Now would my love would come to woo,
While joy o'er all is streaming,
 I'd yield me like that flower fair
 That bends to the caressing air,
Oh bliss beyond all dreaming;
 But a soft breeze blew and the sweet thought died
 And the lonely pine tree above me sighed.

“To you may come warm thoughts of love,”
The stately pine was saying,
 “You have not joyed in winter snow
 Nor felt the winds in tempest blow
Which now in sport are playing.
’Tis your joy to love, but to fight is mine—”
Still I heard a sigh in that grand old pine.

A SOLEMN thing it is to stand
Upon the threshold of the year
And judge thyself and all thy past,
And think what thou art doing here.

Is this the way the Master leads,
Or have I wandered on alone?
I thought I saw the path, but then
Was it God's light that o'er it shone?

If this the way, help me to know
And do the work which Thou dost send,
Walking with Thee, though strange the way,
May I be faithful to the end.

NOW Day, grown homesick for the land of light,
Back to Tlappalan takes his hasty flight;
And leaves sad Night, amid his cobwebs gray,
To rule the earth with undisputed sway;
To call black shadows forth at his command,
And with thick darkness hide a smiling land.
Hushed is all nature, not a sound is heard,
Not one glad whistle from the mocking bird,
Whose merry singing made the woodland thrill;
No, all is silent, and the world is still.
So still, the ear, while listening, perceives
The sound of dewdrops dripping from the leaves,
Down in the bosom of yon tangled glade,
Where twisted branches cast a deeper shade;
Where aromatic flowers, lost in gloom,
Make the air heavy with their rich perfume,
And purple grapes in shadowy clusters hang.
Hark, to that note that through the valley rang!
'Twas the harsh trumpet call from some far tower,
Where the lone priest proclaims the passing hour.
He and the stars alone their vigils keep,
While all the rest of earth seems lost in sleep.

Just overhead against the star-lit sky,
Upon a lofty cliff, that towers high
 Above the valley, rapt in sultry calm,
 There stand the graceful outlines of the palm,
Amidst whose waving crests the night-winds play,
Like timid hopes that rising die away,
 And just below them, on the rocky face,
 A deep-mouthed crevice makes a resting place,
Where a lone cactus lifts its branching arms,
Lending the barren rock its grotesque charms.
 Thus clasped within the fond embrace of Night,
 Far up the cliff, in darkness lost to sight
Alone it clings, and hears the distant roar
Of breakers dashing on the smooth-beached shore;
 And only hears, not feels, the wind above
 That bends the trees with sweet caress of love.
And as it stands there in its loneliness,
Longing, in vain, for one endeared caress,
 A heavenly peace, the pitying Night distills,
 A new born ecstasy its being thrills;
And with a trembling, wild delight,
Unfolds its blossoms on the night.
 Unfolds such beauty that the human tongue
 Falters and leaves the theme unsung.
Enough, that on the darksome night

There shone three crowns of dazzling light,
Deep in each crown, a golden star,
That fell from out Night's ebon car,
And from the bosom of each blossom fair
Arose sweet incense on the midnight air.
In bright refulgent glory there it stood,
A heaven-born spirit, lost in solitude.
But, see! the approach of joy-creating Dawn
Whose rosy children, with their bows tight drawn,
Shoot gold-tipped arrows through the eastern sky.
Mark with what haste the shadows backward fly,
Though loath to leave the glades they love so well.
Night's power is broken, gone its magic spell,
Which held the earth so long enchained in sleep,
And caused the flowering fields and woods to weep.
Now free, and radiant in her dewy tears,
The happy Earth hath cast aside all fears,
And hastens with her flowers and odors sweet,
And with her wildest, happiest songs to greet
The coming of her much beloved Dawn.
Look, high upon yon cliff, its beauty gone,
The thorny cactus clinging to the rock,
Now grown so ugly that the light winds mock
And chide it as in sport they blow.
Ah! winds of morn, ye little know

What heavenly beauty here hath been,
No tongue hath praised it, and no eye hath seen;
At the approach of day it fled,
Its perfume scattered and its blossoms dead.
A heaven-born spirit, wherefor was it sent?
Why was this treasure on the midnight spent?

THE valley is full of beauty
And so is the mountain top.

 The vine that clings to the sheltering wall,
 The pine tree that lifts itself stately and tall;
The life of one all sunshine and light,
The other one born to struggle and fight;
Rich are the clusters of fruit on the vine,
Many the voices that sing through the pine.

ETERNAL spirit, limitless in space,
How dost Thou shine, reflected in the face
 Of yonder dewdrop trembling into birth;
 While I, though lost amid the sons of earth,
An atom of the morning mist, a shade
That melts before the sun, by Thee am made
 Eternal.

THROUGH meadows rich in spring's soft green
An azure stream is flowing,
On its bosom sails a stately ship,
And a breeze is gently blowing.
The far hills mimic the clouds above
And all things whisper of love—God's love.

The streets of a crowded city,
Misery, squalor, and sin.
A group of children playing,
There, in the midst of the din.
A ragged boy is stooping
To kiss the tears away
From the eyes of a tiny brother
Who has stumbled in his play.

Again the far-off mountains
And clouds that float above,
And again from the whole creation
Comes the whisper of love—God's love.

HURRYING, hurrying onward we fly
'Neath frowning crag and open sky,
 No sound but the din and clash of steel,
 The mad wild dance of the driving wheel.
Fling open wide the furnace door,
Heap up the fuel till it roar,
 And join exulting in the song
 That sings itself as we drive along.

Onward like a storm we ride,
A frozen river at our side;
 And far ahead dense snowy clouds,
 Spirits of summer in their shrouds,
Dancing and flying in eager haste,
Sweep wildly over the frozen waste.
 I cannot feel it as I go,
 And yet I know the wind doth blow.

Hurrying, hurrying onward we fly
'Neath frowning crag and open sky.
 I saw a shadow lightly chase
 Another over the river's face.
Merrily on the shadows sped;

I know two birds flew overhead.
I could not see them in the air,
And yet I know the birds were there.

Hurrying, hurrying onward in flight,
We cannot feel the wind in its might;
We cannot see the birds in the sky.
Yet the wind still blows and the birds still fly.
And this is the burden of the song
That sings itself as we hurry along:
“For the birds will fly and the wind will blow
Whether we will believe it or no.”

WHILE the bright sun of all my joys
In radiant splendor shines
I tremble, as I see it cast
Deep shadows 'neath the pines.

At night, when all the light of day
Fades in a death-like swoon,
The nightingale bursts forth in song
To greet the rising moon.

Mysterious world of light and shade!
Where shall we find thy law?
Bewildered in the search we stand
Like children, lost in awe.

THE blinding snow swept wildly o'er
A hushed and troubled world,
While from the north, the angry north,
The fiercest winds were hurled.

In every nook and sheltered place
Fantastic drifts were piled,
A mimic sea with curling waves,
A tempest strange and wild.

And yonder, in no sheltered nook,
But where the sharp winds blow,
A tiny greenhouse, almost hid
By driving clouds of snow.

Mid-summer nestled in the snow,
With flowers frail and fair.
The bell-flower on its slender stem
Stirs in the perfumed air.

The jessamine, rich in southern charms,
With clustering heliotrope,

Sweet vines that woo the lowly roof
And wreath its crystal slope.

In patient trust I see Thee stand,
O Heart so true and warm!
So thou midst crowding ills dost make
A summer in the storm.

LAST night while thought was full of anxious love,
I held within my hand a drooping flower.
How like it was in frailness to that life
Whose feeble pulse made long the waiting hour.

Past midnight startled from my sleep I woke,
So sweet the air with perfume that repose
Was all in vain, and rising up I found
My drooping flower had bloomed a perfect rose.

It seemed an omen, and there came the thought
She whom we love so much is doing well.
Hushed were the boist'rous winds, now all was still
As if from heaven a benediction fell.

At that same hour, she whom we love did well.
That life too frail this rough world's use to stand,
Feeling the warmth and glow of God's light touch,
Opened to full perfection in His hand.

A THOUSAND times the wintry sun
Has bowed his radiant head,
A thousand times the pale, white snow
Has blushed a rosy red;
A thousand times it seems to you,
But then to me it is so new,
My heart with sweet surprise doth glow,
And blushes with the sun-kissed snow.

O RESTLESS human heart, why tremble so
At those slight sounds that melt upon the ear?
Why art thou thus in passionate anguish bowed?
A few soft chords, most beautiful and clear,
A few soft chords in strange succession fall
And then the heart is broken, that is all.

The while one stands forgotten at our side
With eyes deep shadowed by the woes of earth,
Who pleads in every note His yearning love,
Whose very being gave the music birth.
Deeper the shadow 'neath those eyes, the pain
Is all his own, He pleads His love in vain.

LOUD chanted the wild mountain torrent,
 Enchanting my soul in its flight,
Still louder it sang while it beckoned
 With fingers so pliant and white.
Be strong, O my soul, in this tumult,
 Hark not to that voice so shrill,
The note of that insistent songster
 Now whistling so loud on the hill:—
“Time flies so wearily, wearily, wearily.”

Deep thundered the water beneath me,
 Loud chanted the bird on the hill;
One moment—I cannot resist it—
 My heart in its terror stood still,
While the restless impetuous current
 Curled temptingly near to my feet,
And there rushed through my feverish being
 The thought, that to rest must be sweet;
O Lord, be merciful, merciful, merciful.

Look up, O my soul, to the mountain,
 To that spotless and spirit-like cloud,

Grow strong in their beautiful calmness,
Though the stream at thy side shout so loud;
Ask not that thy heart become silent,
Nor ask that life's tumult may cease,
But lift up thine eyes to the mountain
Whence cometh God's infinite peace;
So life grows beautiful, beautiful, beautiful.

ALONE:" be not a coward, speak it plain;
Thou art alone, deny it, and the pain
 And restless longing of thy soul shall tear
 The mask away, and leave the truth more bare.
Thou art alone;
 And through the tall salt grasses
 The east wind as it passes
Maketh moan,
The dull gray wrack o'erhead
 Drags inland from the sea,
 And sullen waves beat restlessly
Upon the drifting sand.
Courage: thou art alone:
 But in the wind there is a rhythm,
And in the sea,
A pulse that beats mysteriously
 With life, a greater life than thine;
 In storm-cloud, wind and sea throbs the divine.
And thou on this lone shore,
Hearing the breakers o'er and o'er
Chant to the wind-swept land,
 Swayed by this mighty pulse shalt be,
 Till conscious of thine own divinity.

GO, little Loves, and win his heart for me.

Stir up his heart's blood till it surge and beat,
As ocean waves that break in melody,

A melody of love all incomplete;
But tell him not—"I love him."

Go, hang upon the skirts of time and stay

His footsteps till the moments seem as years,
That so each day may drag its weary way

Attended by a thousand hopes and fears;
But tell him not—"I love him."

I SUMMONED Cupid yesterday,
 "Go seek my love," I cried,
But Cupid hung his curly head
 A trifle mortified.

"There's no use shooting at men's hearts,
 I'd rather shoot at sparrows.
They're such a very cautious lot
 It's quite a waste of arrows."

"What? Try again? Why, what's the use!
 Love can not make them bold.
Successful Cupids now-a-days
 Have arrows tipped with gold."

And with his tiny dimpled fist
 He wiped his baby eyes.
Alas, that little Cupid too
 Should grow so worldly wise.

YOU think me somewhat quizzical,
But know, poor foolish heart,
Emotions are but physical
And play a silly part.

I will not tell my love for thee
In wild impassioned strain,
But try to coolly analyze
The working of my brain.

I know your subtle intellect
Is clear enough to see
How much more deep and soul-refined
The love I feel for thee

Than that which yon poor foolish clown
Sings in his mistress' ear.
His fiery passion mars his verse.
Why does he shed that tear?

As if that sort of thing could last!
But "brainy" love sublime
Will keep the same cool tranquil path
Until the end of time.

AS well the noisy stream to hush,
Or bid the shadow-loving thrush
 To cease his liquid note
 In thicket far remote,
As bid me silent be;
For when I think of thee
My heart must sing.

If after summer suns and showers
The meadows do not smile with flowers,
 Or streams that through them run
 Grow dazzling in the sun,
Then, then I'll grieve for thee;
But thou hast been with me
And I must sing.

LOVE, ask not of the Past, for that has played
Its part, and all that has been now must shine
In what I am, an arabesque, each line
By Time's experienced graver finely laid;
Nor of the Future, which by faith has made
My heart all jubilant with songs divine,
Till now in heaven I sing—an inland pine
By winds, that voice the mighty ocean, swayed.
Now is the power mine to know, to love,
To feel the stir of life in man and things.
Life! That is mine; I know not whence nor how.
Folded in mystery my soul, above
The constant change that every moment brings,
Cries out unmoved "Eternity is now!"

O HAPPY hills! asleep mid purpling mist,
My heart's dream ever more.
O dancing waves! By flashing sunlight kissed,
Blessing some far-off shore.
Only in dreams that tremble and depart
I see you glorified;
Only the dreams to ease my longing heart,
The greater gift denied.
Still, though the troubled world across my path
Its giant shadow flings,
God smiles and all such wondrous beauty hath
That my faint spirit sings.

HERE let me lie like seaweed adrift on the ocean,
Helpless and frail, yet part of its joy and commotion.

See how the waves are lifting me high in their gladness.
Now am I strong, strong as the waves in their might.

Tenderly now I sink to the depth and its sadness,
Ever to rise, to be lifted again to the light.

Here let me stand as still as the pine on the mountain,
While at my feet there rises the song of the fountain—

Energy, force; all rest the proud river is spurning.
Beautiful stream, you know not the song of the pine.

Up to the light in silence I gaze full of yearning,
Swayed by the wind that whispers a music divine.

SO old! for seventy-five is old."
God's angel wrote, and smiled,
He knew the Father's loving voice
Still called thee "Little child."

"Feeble and old!" The banks of the stream
Have lost the tints of spring,
But life still flows, a river strong,
Once more to rise and sing.

"Alone!" Nay, but an earth-born mist
Beclouds thy doubting eyes,
Lest thou, in weakness, should behold
How near thee heaven lies.

The love of those gone long before
Where never love grows cold,
The love of those who linger here,
Keep thee from growing old.

Then may a sunset warm and bright
Come when the day is done;
And autumn in prophetic light
Announce a victory won.

“Follow me for I am meek and lowly and ye shall find rest.”

YE rich and full of pride,
Who never satisfied,
 Are restless, ill at ease!
 You know not the disease
That gnaweth at your heart.

“Behold, there at your gate
The vile and sick that wait
 To catch what crumbs may fall!
 Did Christ not die for all,
For rich and poor alike?

“My heart is sore for you;
My heart is restless too,
 And peace?—it is not mine.
 O Master, the Divine,
Where hath Thy mercy fled?

“Thou knowest my desire.
My zeal is as a fire,
 That burneth day and night.
 Oh that they might have light!”

And in my heart I said:
“I will show them something real
In the spirit, the ideal.
 Money, it is naught!
 And all that may be bought
Is dross unto the soul.

“I have waited long;
My faith and love were strong:—
 But now I fail and faint.
 Vouchsafe to Thy poor saint
A fuller, clearer light.”

Thus praying in his lonely cell,
A wond'rous peace upon him fell,
 A sense of deep humility.
A flood of light, pure, undefiled,
And God shone forth!—a little child.
Down—down upon thy bended knee!
And pray the vision thou may'st see—
 The vision of Saint Anthony.

IF only I might lean my longing heart
Upon thy way-worn feet, and there confess
The whole of my great sin, the loathsomeness
Of hideous thoughts that ever writhe and smart.
Thou, Lord, in anger dost not turn nor start,
Nor once rebuke my passionate caress,
That eases so, that melts my soul's distress,
And lets me feel how merciful thou art.
A Magdalene, a Magdalene am I,
Sin-stained and guilty let me weeping lie
Here on the pavement where thy feet have trod;
One word of Thine, one look, and I am free,
Forgiven, saved for an eternity,
And in my troubled soul the peace of God.

THOU bitter wind from out the north, why blow
So deadly cold, wrapping my once warm heart
In biting frost? No feeling left, no smart
Nor pain, just dread indifference. Why so
With mocking laughter heap the cruel snow
High o'er my bosom? Oh! how cold thou art!—
Will nothing melt this clinging shroud, or start
Fresh springs of life, fountains of love to flow
Down, down into my inmost being, there
To grow and swell, until they mounting burst
This icy bondage?—Colder grows the air;
Not one warm ray for which my soul doth thirst.—
O, thou far sun, withdrawn into the sky,
Flame forth in splendor, warm me, or I die.

THE light that striking dreamy eyes awakes
The sleeper, blinds him with its ardent glow;
The Alpine wanderer through the ice and snow
Climbs boldly up to heights, where heaven makes
The world a plaything starred with silvery lakes;
Till hanging like a cloud, swayed to and fro,
He grasps the rock; nor dares to look below;
In fancy falling with each step he takes:
So, Lord, beneath Thy brooding love new-born,
My soul bewildered wakes; yet dares not rise,
Too weak for heights Thy holy feet have trod;
Prostrate and penitent, with anguish torn,
Feels life, eternal: and astounded cries,
“I, though so human, am a very god!”

ONLY a moment I held it so,
 Its holy petals wide apart,
Deep blushing that it dared to show
 The secret treasure of its heart;
While all unheeded at my feet
The sea was singing low and sweet.
A moment, oh, so tenderly,
 I held it in my trembling hand,
And then a wind from out the sea
 Scattered its petals on the sand.
But still for ever at my feet
The sea keeps singing low and sweet.

I WOULD send forth my love like summer showers
 Drawn from the bosom of the fruitful deep,
 That lingering in the sky an instant, sweep
With eager joy to spend their garnered powers
On thirsty hills, and leave them crowned with flowers;
 Or as the ever generous winds, that keep
 No treasured stores, but give themselves to heap
With lordly bounty these broad lands of ours:
So would I love thee, my belovèd, so,
 And not as meaner souls that count the cost,
 And cowardlike dread danger unforeseen;
Love wasted, I would greater love bestow;
 And still though all love's labor should be lost,
 Give royally, give largely, like a queen.

A MIGHTY love, that as a fire doth burn
 Away all selfish thoughts, all low desires;
 That singeth as it serves and never tires!
A mighty love! For this my heart doth yearn,
And all its sweetness, all its depth would learn,
 Through trembling joys, through hot baptismal fires;
 Until my very being love inspires.
Call it not love, that in disdain doth turn
From humblest service, howsoever small,
 That might another help and comfort bring.
Oh! might I give to love, myself, my all!
 Then would my thankful heart in rapture sing.
 For loving souls that dwell alone know best
 The love that cannot serve can never rest.

A TEA-POT of a Japanese design,
Where dainty flowers and tracteries combine
 With human figures on a thing so small
 Thy many tinted tea-jars must seem tall
Beside it, those thy treasures smooth and fine;
And this I offer, pray do not decline;
Although it hold no fragrant tea or wine
The tiny thing, you see, is after all
 A tea pot;

Recalling ever a sweet act of thine,
In those now far-off joyous days of mine,
 When after late-returning from a ball
 Wearied, I found thee waiting, and recall
Upon the hearth where glowing embers shine
 A tea pot.

HER daughter dances: what is that to me?
You do not see the cloud, the mystery,
 That floats around her like a veil of light,
 That other presence that surrounds her quite,
And moves when she does in close harmony,
Speaks when she speaks, a purer melody;
Laughs in her eyes, and very tenderly
Shines through her, joyous, radiant, for tonight
 Her daughter dances.

She dances, dances like a willow-tree
Swayed by the wind, while tears all silently
 Will fall, blotting the vision from my sight.
 Still on and on those blended beings bright
To rhythmic music move; and charmingly
 Her daughter dances.

MY heart rebels, and in hot passion cries
Against calm reason, calls all reason lies.

Oh! I could weep and as a child bend low

My head on pleading, outstretched arms, and so
Outreason reason in sweet tears and sighs;

Yet reason oft offended gently tries

To make excuses, all neglect denies —

'Tis kindly meant, perhaps 'tis true—but no,

My heart rebels.

I am unhappy, bid me not be wise

And reason; you must know that tearful eyes

See strange illusions; some day I shall grow

To understand and learn to meekly go

Where reason leads—but now all reason flies,

My heart rebels.

SILENT, with parted lips and breath deep drawn,
With lifted eyes whose dreamy brightness grows
Deeper each moment with a joy mysterious,

She stands there like a crimson rose at dawn
Of a still summer morning, when the dew
Unshaken on it shines in new-born glory;

A dancer—passion—call her what you will,

She stands there waiting, motionless until
Some touch of life awakes her,

Some sudden passion overtakes her;

O radiant vision, joy of after years.

Wait—still wait—then

Stepping ever lightly,

Moving, oh, so slightly,

Forward, pause—bend low half expectant;

Rhythmic as the ocean,

Swaying with emotion,

Turning, dance:—yet pause still reluctant;

Suddenly springing from the smooth floor,

Rapturously advancing,

Leaping, whirling, dancing,

Passionate music sighing,

Steps quickly flying,

Tremulous with desire
Now faster! higher!
Lightly as flying foam along-shore,
Merrily whirling, dance, dance ever faster!
Wild, passionate dancer!—Pause.—Encore!

A frolicsome wind dashes madly by,
And flames that leap up for an instant die,
And the rose-petals fall;
While the wind over all
Loud, boisterous and high,
Ends at last in a sigh.

SEE yonder spotless bride, a city new
To all her joys, whose pearly arches lie
Upon the bosom of the widowed sky,
So late forsaken that no star shines through
The deepening azure, now intensely blue.
White, statue-crowned and pure she towers high,
While from a thousand lamps soft blushes fly
To lend her snowy brow a warmer hue;
Dreaming of pleasure on the breast of night,
She flashes joy and sparkles with delight;
While o'er her glowing crown rises the moon,
Silent and cold, pale watcher through the years
Unnumbered. Seeing thee we cry in tears,
"How soon must all this vanish; oh! how soon."

IN silent joy glide onward like a phantom ship,
Across lagoons, and underneath low arches slip,
As quietly and silently as yonder swan.

Bathed in a flood of golden light glide gently on,
While low sweet music blends with continual drip
Of splashing fountain, rippling song where mermaids dip
Their snowy arms; glide onward as by magic drawn

In silent joy;

Past gleaming palaces where crimson banners whip
Their colors in the playful breeze; past crowds that trip

In gay attire by colonnade and grassy lawn.

Still on my soul when splendors of the day are gone
And night bends low, on eagerly with parted lip

In silent joy.

PLUNGING, lifting,
Sliding, shifting,
 Every loom its gearing clashes,
While each subtle
Weaver's shuttle
 Backward, forward, quickly flashes.

Bobbins whirling,
Twisting, twirling
 Spindles, wheels in wild rotation,
Shout in chorus
In sonorous,
 Strong and regular pulsation:

“Money, Money,
Is it funny
 That the working man should covet,
'Tis the fashion,
'Tis the passion
 Of the nation all to love it.”

Heddles clashing,
Shuttles flashing

Driving on in mad endeavor.
Loudly clinking,
Clanging, clinking,
Must this song go on forever?

“Money, Money!”
Bright and sunny
Stands the mill, the river by it.
Cease thy ringing!
Cease thy singing!
Be for just a moment quiet.

THE winds, Oh, the terrible winds, how they roar!
How they shriek as they sweep through the trees on the shore,
 Tossing here, tossing there,
 Bending low in despair;
Peace! Peace! they implore,
But the winds howl the more.

While over the forest the winds still wail,
The swallows are trying to rise, and fail;
 Stopping now in their flight,
 Pointed wings drawn in tight,
So facing the gale
Driven back, down they sail.

While sullenly onward the clouds still blow
A yellow light, leaping an instant low
 On the waves tossing high,
 Flashes forth but to die;
Comes only to go,
Leaving all darker so.

Now breakers are roaring and dashing spray
Far over the sands, while the sky once gray
Breaks at last into blue,
Letting God's sunlight through.
Blow winds as ye may,
Merry winds pipe away,

Till the sun goeth down in the glowing west,
And the swallow is brooding upon her nest.
Then the winds, dying, cease;
While the waves whisper "Peace"—
God standeth confessed,
Still unmoved, still at rest.

A LONELY pool upon a mountain high,
Apart from man but open to the sky,
 The spirit winds are singing in the night,
 And the pale waters tremble with delight;
But now the night-winds hushed have sunk to rest,
And not a ripple mars its tranquil breast
 Reflecting deep the angels starry-eyed;
 Alone, it rests on earth a thing enskyed.

ON through pure, warm sunshine,
Butterfly merrily hither and thither
Floating, floating,
 Buoyant as thistledown onward and over
 Buttercups, goldenrod, daisies and clover,
Up and down, hither and yon,
An instant here and suddenly gone
 Like a flash out of sight,
 Aimless wanderer full of delight,
Whither, oh, whither?

On through pure, warm sunshine.
 Beauty and light, thou poet of air,
 Are leading thee on, thou knowest not where,
And the wind from heaven blowing.

FROM the near woods, the livelong day, a note
Mysteriously mournful, plaintive, low,
As if some soul forsaken grieved,
And sobbed his heart out so.

Is it a dove? Or is it thy sweet voice
That haunts me sleeping, haunts me when awake?
O gentle spirit cease to grieve,
Else my heart too will break.

WERT thou a pine tree, dear,
With love's sweet message sighing,
And I, a glassy mere
Beneath thy branches lying,

I'd show thee on my heart,
Thine image there unbroken,
How deeply loved thou art,
And leave the words unspoken.

AFAR in this wooded loneliness
I feel my sorrow dwindle,
 And stretched upon the tender moss
 Caressed by winds, in dreams I toss
Till hope begins to kindle.

Afar in the woods where pine trees wave
Warm noon is softly gleaming,
 Thy presence seems to fill the air,
 And like a soft kiss on my hair
The cool wind sets me dreaming.

DO you think the sun is conscious
Of the rainbow that it forms?
Do the clouds see earth grow fairer
For the showers and the storms?

My thoughts lie scattered over hill and vale
Like snow flakes, powerless and frail,
Till by divine compulsion narrowed to a stream
That writes its meaning on the stubborn rocks,
And plunges, hastening, to eternity.

A BOY sat under a spreading tree,
Who so bonny and blithe as he!
As films that rise from the fields below
Are the notes that fall from his sensitive bow,
Dainty and delicate tones that fall
Plaintive and clear as the pewee's call
Deep in the heart of the shadowy wood.
He played as only a poet could.
An instant he paused with bow in air:
Oh, but the bonny boy was fair!
Then drew forth a note, one note alone
Beginning an almost inaudible tone
That rose and fell and floated away;
While a tiny bird on a neighboring spray
Echoed it low in its quivering throat.
Then followed, at first indistinct and remote,
A strain that grew steadily sweeter and clearer,
That throbbed into ecstasy as it drew nearer.
And now together the boy and the bird
Are making such music as never was heard
In that vale before; exquisitely sweet!
They each the other's glad notes repeat,

Till the violin pleading a passionate love
Grows deeper and stronger, and soars above
The delicate warbler, whose song is hushed.
The happy boy, excited and flushed
Pauses a moment, irresolute—
And now the violin, too, is mute;
For he sees below in the morning mist
Dark threatening forms that curl and twist,
Horridly vague and undefined.
Nearer and nearer they creep and wind
Along the valley, across the fields,
A shadowy host with glimmering shields.
An army of warriors, on they come
With measured tread, all silent and dumb.
They raise no cry, they make no boast,
A stern inexorable host!
And the poet boy is lost in the man;
Who fights as only a warrior can.
Defiant he stands in the midst of the foe
Driving them back with his fiddle bow,
So—So!—
With his fiddle bow.
Fighting with Fate; and at every sweep
Of his powerful bow, from the mountains leap
The strangest and wildest of harmonies,
Shrill as the piping of wind through the trees,

Deep as the baying of bell-mouthed hounds,
A perfect chaos of musical sounds.

With splendid courage he faces the foe
Dealing them steadily blow for blow,
And making their battered armour ring
With the song of his bow; making it sing
The song of his triumph, that thundering soars
To the mountain peaks, whence again it pours
In jubilant echoes down to the plain,
Like a fugue ever heaping refrain on refrain.

In desperate conflict forever he fights;
Forever his song echoes down from the heights,
The song that proclaims him so godlike, so great,
As he battles alone with a merciless fate.

Defiant he stands in the midst of the foe
Driving them back with his fiddle bow,
So—So!—
With his fiddle bow.

DOWN in a moss-grown glen, where the chinquapin
bushes and laurels
Cover the ruinous fence that has straggled away from
the meadow;
Down where the clear, cool branch finds its way among
pebbles and mosses,
Making light musical sounds as complaining it chides
with the bowlders;
Just where it widens a bit, near the tangle of birches
and sumac,
There like a mirror it lies, as a child stands watching
the ripples
Gather and break into light, while the shy brook plays
with her ankles,
Ankles as ruddy and brown as the sunlight and summer
could make them.
So, for an instant, she stands with her rich auburn hair
in confusion
Tumbling its beautiful curls playfully over her forehead.
Tossing these out of her eyes, she delightedly watches
a wood-thrush
Close at her side, dart fearlessly out from the bushes,
alighting

Just at the bend in the stream where the shadows grow
denser and darker.
Quickly her small bare feet move stealthily down
through the water,
Creeping so quietly, picking her way with such skill on
the pebbles;
Fearing lest any false step might disturb him, or lest
any splashing
Frighten her timid companion away, who with
quivering feathers
Bathes in the cool stream, splattering gaily the mosses
with dewdrops.
Green are the pools and the eddies that mirror the
shadowing branches;
Cool in their manifold green are the marginal grasses
and woodland.
Pausing a moment the child stands breathlessly
watching the bather.
Whether the scarlet reflection that shines from her cap
on the water
Startled the shy little fellow, or whether he finished his
bathing,
Suddenly turning he flies deep into the neighboring
thicket.
After him into the bushes she follows, till foot-sore and
weary

Finding a moss-covered log almost buried in woodbine
and ivy,
Rests with her little brown knee clasped well in her
berry-stained fingers.
Tilting herself to and fro, she sings in her sweet
childish fashion,
“ Why should the spirit of mortal be proud.” How
the robins applaud her,
Calling and calling, while gaily the little leaves dance
all about her!
One with the leaves and the robins, she sits where the
flickering sunbeams
Light up her meek hazel eyes and her long drooping
lashes. She sits there
Chanting demurely: “ Oh, why should the spirit of
mortal be proud.”
Suddenly stopping her singing, she bends her head
downward to listen:
Squirrels are scolding above in the trees and robins
are calling;
Even the low sweet song of the branch can be heard
in the distance;
Feebly from over the meadow a faint call floats like an
echo.
Springing up quickly she raises both hands to her
mouth and then whistles,

Whistles a strong clear note, like the cry of the partridge
in autumn;
Listens an instant; then lightly she bounds out of sight
through the bushes.

OH Stay, Sweet memory, stay forever bright,
Flushed with the glory of a light that failed
All, all too soon! His glowing life, unveiled,
Streamed back, as he departed, on our night
The dazzling radiance of his own pure light.—
But yesterday the sunset glory paled;
And as I watched the bright clouds as they sailed,
The evening splendor faded from my sight.—
Oh Stay, Sweet memory, stay as now thou art!
Keep vivid all he was, his gentle deeds,
Enthusiastic faith, and loving heart,
That all their wealth of influence may lend
A nobler passion to my life, that needs
Indeed be noble, since he called me friend.

WHILE others live on sweet realities,
Their joys and sorrows tangible and strong,
My soul is fed on visions, some indeed
Flashing their glory from the heart of God.
And such an one is this which now I see
Shining as brightly as when first it came.
A vision not of dim angelic forms,
But one that lay in my embracing arms
And crooning to itself looked up and smiled.
A vision of bright ringlets and soft eyes
That gazed in loving wonder into mine;
Of dimpled hands that tried upon my breast
Their infant strength and with their tiny palms
Warmed up a mother-love that cannot die;
Of two soft, rosy, untried feet that danced
For very joy, which seizing, oft I kissed,
And found my lifted eyelids wet with tears.
A vision this, all life and warmth and love,
That clinging to me will not let me go;
Filling my soul at times with that wild cry
That rang through Rama's desolated homes;
Again, admitting me to Paradise
Where all the little ones are mine and I,

A Rachel comforted, may love them all.
A vision which the Paduan saint beheld,
When kneeling in his cell he humbly prayed
For fuller light, for vision of that Christ
Into whose likeness we shall all be changed;
And gazing in those deep, pellucid eyes
My soul grows purer, holier, while I gaze.

HARK to the glorious anthem
The pines are chanting o'erhead!
While all around
On the frozen ground
The leaves lie scattered and dead.

Purple the mist on the mountain,
A crimson flush on the stream,
And a golden haze
Where the parting rays
Of an autumn sunset gleam.

The end. My love lies dying;
Though faint, her clear, sweet voice
Sounds in the night
As an angel's might:
"Triumph!" a pause— and "Rejoice!"

SWEET motherhood, how can I sing of thee?
That theme which should make poets of us all
Doth make me mute, though all my heart
Sings so divinely that the sweet tears fall.

I see as in a glory, one who taught
By a long life of love the whole
And wondrous meaning of that word,
Which shines as light in every homeless soul.

TRUE womanhood moves quietly along
Unconscious of restraint; a river set
Between high banks, that widening let
The growing tide sweep onward free and strong.

Deep bosomed stream, that buries every wrong,
Deep love that knows to suffer and forget,
Whose shallow margins only chide and fret,
While the great river flows in endless song.

THE morning mist steals up the mountain side
And lifting, melts in the deep blue above;
Ascending prayer, a spirit purified
Upbreathes to heaven.
So, were the heart all prayer, all heavenly love,
It might ascending thus be satisfied.

But upward from the line of ocean crawls
A towering wave with heaven-exalted crest,
That plunging in tumultuous gladness falls
Back to the sea.
So is love human, ever in unrest;
Heaven draws it, lifts it, and the earth recalls.

FATE, taking my reluctant hand said—Come.

But I rebelled.

I, I alone, was master of my fate,

And I said—No.

I would not tamely follow where she led,

By force compelled.

But Fate still held me by the hand; and I,

I had to go.

In silence, on I followed at her side,

With eyes cast down.

Baffled a moment; still to will was mine,

And I grew strong;

I dared to look into that awful face,

To meet that frown;

And now, as friends, together hand in hand,

We move along.

TO trust, and be at rest,
To feel that in God's quiet
 Is strength to do and bear
All that the world deems hardest
 Of sorrow, labor, care.
No looking for the morrow,
No future trouble borrow,
But trust and be at rest.

To trust, and be at rest,
To trust in human goodness
 Tho' often it doth fail;
To trust, in God's great mercy,
 Tho' we hear the helpless wail
Of those poor souls benighted,
The misused and the slighted,
Who wander on unblest.

To trust, and be at rest,
To trust like little children
 Tho' hardened in the strife
Of doubts and fears contending
 For mastery of life.

O loving Father take us,
Like little children make us,
That trusting we may rest.

ONCE on a time in Brittany was told
By a decrepid beldame, weak and old,
 Low chanting to herself in rhapsody
 This tale of Loïk Guern and Maharit.
Below fair Quimperlé a league or more
There stands an ancient oak tree leaning o'er
 The banks of Loïta, dark shadowed stream,
 Where the fierce rays of noonday feebly gleam.
Where stealthily the river steals away
Past the mysterious forest, Carnöet.
 To this lone place with his affianced bride
 Came Loïk Guern; and it was eventide.
O'er Carnöet the crescent moon hung low;
Somber the once bright fields in the last glow
 Of a long twilight; bird notes fainter grew,
 The crickets chirped; and the soft night-winds blew
So gently not a pendant leaf was stirred.
And now the rushing Loïta was heard,
 Distinctly heard, though silent all the day,
 Rushing in haste toward gloomy Carnöet.
The peace of twilight hour, sweet Maharit,
Is in thy heart. If there is mystery

It is the mystery of yearning love.
Thy lover walks beside thee, and above
The steadfast stars are shining quietly.
Yet think to cross thyself, sweet Maharit,
The ferry of Carnöet is close at hand;
And yonder, see, the haunted ruins stand,
Once the grim castle of Commore. They move,
That thoughtless pair, enamoured of their love,
Nearer the shore. Then Loïk Guern would go
Into the wood, a hundred yards or so,
To light his pipe at a lone woodman's fire.
The night comes on; the fateful stars mount higher;
The twigs that crackled 'neath his feet are still.
The moon dropped down behind the forest hill
An hour ago; and it is growing late.
The stars move on, and still the maid must wait
Beside the darkening stream, which steals away
Stealthily on toward gloomy Carnöet.
She waits oppressed by the great silence. Hark!
Was that an owl that hooted in the dark,
Or the wild cry of loup-garou? A bat,
Swooping on cold wings struck her. What was that?
The sound of snapping boughs down near the oak.
Then for a breathless moment nothing broke
The fearful stillness. Suddenly was heard,
Like the harsh croak of the ill-omened bird;

“Who wants me?” Spoken in a voice well known.

“’Tis now too late. Maiden art thou alone?”

Close by her rose a man, large framed was he.

To cross thyself, forget not, Maharit,

This is the ferryman of Carnöet.

He, Père Pouldû, was called. There gaunt and gray

He stood. His long white hair the nightwind lifted

Though not a leaf was stirred. Beside him drifted

His dismal boat, dragged by the downward tide.

“I wait for Guern,” pale Maharit replied.

“You wait for Guern? With me if he would go

He must be quick. Come, do not step so slow;

Be seated in the boat.” She moved as in a dream,

Hearing the sullen murmur of the stream,

Hearing the crickets chirping in the fields,

Hearing his words as hearing not, she yields.

Seated, at once they moved upon the tide.

“Wherefore this folly? We must wait,” she cried,

“Must wait for Guern.” — The boatman heeded not,

But turned his boat a-midstream; out they shot

As some fell water-snake darts at his foe

From the low bank where deadly marshes grow.

Clasping her hands, for mercy she implored.

He heeded not. The rapids near them roared;

Silent he sat, as one among the dead;

And faster, ever faster on they sped.

“Loïk!” she screamed, making the still air quiver,
While the relentless, dark and cruel river
Flowed faster, ever faster through the night.
And now the water glimmered with a light
Unholy; black, the arching boughs o’erhead;
The night air thick, stifling and full of dread.
Through matted tree-trunks shadowy faces peer;
And one white face with a malicious leer
Leaned far out o’er the river as they passed.
The current here is deep and rushes fast.
Canst thou not cross thyself, pale Maharit?
See those long arms outstretched menacingly.
The murdered wives are there, of Count Commore.
Their shrouds are lurid ’gainst the dense dark shore.
They beckon—Keep thy seat! They’d work thee harm.
Clutching the air, they strive with devilish charm
To draw thee to them. Now the murky air
Is filled with fluttering; and wild eyes stare
Out of the dark beside thee—Keep thy place!
Then something clammy touched her on the face,
And up she sprang. Yonder, what can she see?
Quick, for the spell is on thee, Maharit!
The boatman heeds her not. An angry cloud
Of evil spirits all about her crowd.
Falling, stretched lifeless at his feet she lay
Dead, in the awful depths of Carnöet.

And far away the open meadows lie
Calm in the night; above in the wide sky
The stars are shining: like a dream is heard
The murmured song of some half-waking bird,
Faint as the echo from a distant hill,
Singing of peace. Then all the world was still.

Part I

I CAN sing of myself a true song, of my voyages telling,
How oft through laborious days, through the wearisome hours

I have suffered; have borne tribulations; explored in
my ship,

'Mid the terrible rolling of waves, habitations of sorrow.

Benumbed by the cold, oft the comfortless night-watch
hath held me

At the prow of my craft as it tossed about under the
cliffs.

My feet were imprisoned with frost, were fettered with
ice-chains,

Yet hotly were wailing the querulous sighs round my
heart;

And hunger within me, sea-wearied, made havoc of
courage.

This he, whose lot happily chances on land, doth not
know;

Nor how I on the ice-cold sea passed the winter in
exile,

In wretchedness, robbed of my kinsmen, with icicles
hung.

The hail flew in showers about me; and there I heard
only
The roar of the sea, ice-cold waves, and the song of the
swan;
For pastime the gannets' cry served me; the kittiwakes'
chatter
For laughter of men; and for mead-drink the call of the
sea-mews.
When storms on the rocky cliffs beat, then the terns,
icy-feathered,
Made answer; full oft the sea-eagle forebodingly
screamed,
The eagle with pinions wave-wet. There none of my
kinsmen
Might gladden my desolate soul; of this little he knows
Who possesses the pleasures of life, who has felt in the
city
Some hardship, some trifling adversity, proud and wine-
flushed.

How weary I oft had to tarry upon the sea-way!
The shadows of night became darker, it snowed from
the north;
The world was enchained by the frost; hail fell upon
earth;

'Twas the coldest of grain. Yet the thoughts of my heart
now are throbbing
To test the high streams, the salt waves in tumultuous
play.

There is no one that dwells upon earth, so exalted
in mind,
So large in his bounty, nor yet of such vigorous youth,
Nor so daring in deeds, nor to whom his liege lord is
so kind,
But that he has always a longing, a sea-faring passion
For what the Lord God shall bestow, be it honor or
death.
No heart for the harp has he, nor for acceptance of
treasure,
No pleasure has he in a wife, no delight in the world,
Nor in aught save the roll of the billows; but always a
longing,
A yearning uneasiness, hastens him on to the sea.

The woodlands are captured by blossoms, the hamlets
grow fair,
Broad meadows are beautiful, earth again bursts into
life,
And all stir the heart of the wanderer eager to journey,
So he meditates going afar on the pathway of tides.

The cuckoo, moreover, gives warning with sorrowful
note,
Summer's harbinger sings, and forebodes to the heart
bitter sorrow.
The nobleman comprehends not, the luxurious man,
What some must endure, who travel the farthest in
exile.

Now my spirit uneasily turns in the heart's narrow
chamber,
Now wanders forth over the tides, o'er the home of the
whale,
To the ends of the earth —and comes back to me.
Eager and greedy,
The lone wanderer screams, and resistlessly drives my
soul onward,
Over the whale-path, over the tracts of the sea.

Part II

THE delights of the Lord are far dearer to me than
this dead,
Fleeting life upon earth, for I can not believe that
earth's riches
Forever endure. Each one of three things, ere its time
comes,
Is always uncertain: violence, age, and disease
Wrench the soul away, doomed to depart. This is praise
from the living,
From those who speak afterwards, this the best fame
after death—
That ere he departed he labored, and wrought daring
deeds
'Gainst the malice of fiends, and the devil; so men shall
extol him,
His praise among angels shall live, ever, world without
end,
His the blessing of life everlasting, and joy 'mid the
hosts.

The days have departed, all pomps of earth's king-
dom have vanished;

There now are no kings, no emperors now, no gold-givers
As of yore, when they wrought in their midst the most glorious deeds,
And lived in the lordliest power. This glory has fallen,
Delights have all vanished away; the weak ones remain,
And these govern the world, obtaining their pleasure with effort.
Power has declined, earth's glory grows aged and sear,
Like every man now in the world; old age overtakes him,
His countenance loses its color, gray-haired he laments;
He has seen his old friends, sons of princes, consigned to the earth.

This garment of flesh has no power, when the spirit escapes,
To drink in the sweet nor to taste of the bitter; it then
Has no power to stretch forth the hands or to think with the mind.
Though the grave should be covered with gold by the nearest of kin,
Be buried along with the dead in masses of treasure,
Still that will not go with them. Gold can no substitute be

For the fear of the Lord, to the soul that is laden with
sin,
Which aforetime, so long as it lived, kept that treasure
concealed.

Great is the fear of the Lord; the earth trembles before
it;
He established the unmovable earth, the world and the
heavens.
Foolish is he who stands not in awe of the Lord—
Unexpectedly death comes upon him; but happy is he
Who lives humble in mind, to him cometh honor from
heaven;
God doth establish the soul that believes in His might.

One should check a strong will, and should govern it
firmly,
Be true unto men, and be clean in his manner of life
Fate, God the Creator, is stronger than any man's will.

Come, let us reflect where our home is, consider the
way
By which we go thither; then let us each strive to press
forward
To joy everlasting, where life has its source in God's
love,

Where is heavenly hope. Then to Him who is holy be
thanks,
Because He hath honored us; thanks to the Ruler of
Heaven,
The Lord everlasting, throughout all the ages! Amen.

HARK! of a matchless vision would I speak,
Which once I dreamed at midnight, when mankind
At rest were dwelling. Then methought I saw
A wondrous cross extending up on high,
With light encircled, tree of trees most bright.
That beacon all was overlaid with gold;
And near the earth stood precious stones ablaze,
While five more sparkled on the shoulder-beam.
Gazing on it were angels of the Lord,
From their first being's dawn all beautiful.
No cross was that of wickedness and shame,
But holy spirits, men on earth, and all
The glorious creation on it gazed.

Sublime the tree victorious; while I,
Stained with iniquity, was galled with sins.
There, clothed as with a garment, I beheld
That tree of glory shining joyfully,
Adorned with gold, enriched with precious stones,
Which covered worthily the Ruler's cross.
However, through the gold I could perceive
That wretched ones had battled there of old;
For on the right side once it had been bleeding.
Then all my spirit was with sorrow stirred;

Fearful was I before that radiant sight.
There I beheld that beacon, quick to change,
Alter in vesture and in coloring;
Now dewed with moisture, soiled with streaming blood,
And now with gold and glittering gems adorned.
A long time lying there I sadly looked
Upon the Saviour's cross, until I heard
Resounding thence a voice. That wood divine
Then spake these words:

“It was long, long ago —

Yet I recall— when, at the forest's edge,
I was hewn down, and from my stem removed.
Resistless were the foes that seized me there,
They fashioned for themselves a spectacle,
Commanded me to bear their criminals;
And on men's shoulders carried me away
Until they set me down upon a hill,
And stayed me fast; mine enemies indeed!
“Then I beheld the Master of mankind
Approaching with lordly courage as if He
Would mount upon me, and I dare not bow
Nor break, opposing the command of God,
Although I saw earth tremble; all my foes
I might have beaten down, yet I stood fast.

Then the young Hero laid his garments by,
He was God Almighty, strong and brave;

And boldly in the sight of all He mounted
The lofty cross, for He would free mankind.
Then, as the Man divine clasped me, I shook;
Yet dared I not bow to the earth nor fall
Upon the ground, but I must needs stand fast.

“A cross upraised, I lifted a great King,
Lifted the Lord of heaven; and dared not bow.

“They pierced me with dark nails, and visible
Upon me still are scars, wide wounds of malice,
Yet might I injure none among them all.
They mocked us both together; then was I
All wet with blood, which streamed from this Man’s
side

When He at length had breathed His spirit out.

“Many a vile deed I suffered on that mount;
The God of hosts I saw harshly outstretched,
And darkness hid the body of the King,
With clouds enshrouded its effulgent light;
Forth went a shadow, black beneath the clouds;
And all creation wept, lamented long—
Their King had fallen, Christ was on the cross.

“Yet eagerly some hastened from afar
To Him who was their Prince; all this I saw.
Ah, then with sorrow was I deeply stirred;
Yet to the hand of men I bowed me down,
Humbly, with ardent zeal. They took Him then,

Lifted from His dire pain Almighty God.
The warriors left me standing, swathed in blood,
And with sharp arrows wounded sore was I.
Him they laid gently down, weary of limb,
And stood beside His body at the head,
Gazing upon the Lord of heaven; while He
Rested a while, with His great labor spent.
Then in the slayers' sight men there began
To build a sepulchre, from marble hewn;
And laid therein the Lord of victories.
A song of sorrow then for Him they sang,
The desolate at eventide, when they,
O'erwearied, would depart from their great King.
And so companionless He rested.

“We,

After the warriors' cry uprose, yet stood
A long while there, on our foundations dripping.
The corpse, fair dwelling of the soul, grew cold.

“Then one began to fell us to the earth—
A fearful fate! and in the entombing mold
Deep buried us. Yet, undismayed, for me
The friends and followers of the Lord made search—
And when from out the earth they lifted me,
With silver they adorned me, and with gold.

“Now mayst thou know, O hero mine, beloved!
Unutterable sorrows I endured,

Base felons' work. But now hath come the time
When, far and wide, men on the earth, and all
The glorious universe doth honor me,
And to this beacon bow themselves in prayer.
On me a while suffered the Son of God;
Therefore now full of majesty I tower
High under heaven; and I have power to heal
All those who do me reverence.

“Of old

Was I a punishment, the cruellest,
The most abhorred by men, ere I for man
Had opened the true way of life. Lo, then
The Prince of glory, Guardian of heaven,
Above all other trees exalted me,
As He, Almighty God, in sight of men
His mother honored, blessèd among women,
Mary herself.

“Now hero mine, beloved,
I bid thee tell this vision unto men,
Reveal with words that 'tis the glory-tree
On which Almighty God suffered for sin,
The many sins of man, and Adam's deeds
Done long ago. There once He tasted death;
But afterwards the Lord from death arose
By His own mighty power, a help for men.
To heaven He then ascended, whence shall come

Once more upon the earth to seek mankind
At the last judgment day, the Lord himself,
Almighty God, surrounded by His angels.
And there shall He, who hath the power of doom,
Adjudge to every one the just reward
Which he on earth, in this short life, hath earned.
Then unabashed and bold can no one be
Before the word which He, the Ruler, speaks:
‘Where is the man,’ He asks the multitude,
‘Who for the Lord would taste of bitter death
As He Himself once did upon the cross?’
Then are they fearful, little can devise
What they shall say to Christ. But need is none
That any at that time should be afraid
Who beareth in his heart this sacred sign;
For through the cross alone must every soul
Seek out the Kingdom from the earthly way,
Who hopes hereafter with the King to dwell.”

Happy in mind I prayed then to the rood
With great devotion, where I was alone
Without companionship; my soul within
Was quickened to depart, so many years
Of utter weariness had I delayed.
And now my life’s great happiness is this,
That to the cross victorious I may come
Alone, above the wont of other men,

To worship worthily. Desire for this
Is great within my heart, and all my help
Must reach me from the rood. Of powerful friends
Not many do I own on earth, for hence
Have they departed, from the world's delights;
They followed after Him, their glorious King,
And with the Father now in heaven they live,
Dwelling in bliss. Each day I longing ask:
'When will the cross of Christ, which formerly
I here on earth beheld, call me away
From this my transient life, and bring me hence
To all delight, the joyous harmonies
Of heaven, where sit at feast the folk of God,
And gladness knows no end— so placing me
Where with the saints in glory I may dwell,
Enjoying greatly their glad minstrelsy?'
Be gracious unto me, O Lord, who once
For sins of men suffered upon the cross.
He freed us, gave us life, and home in heaven.

Hope was restored with blessedness and joy
To those who had erewhile endured the fire.
Triumphant in this journey was the Son,
Mighty and prosperous, when He advanced
Into God's kingdom with a multitude,
A host of souls; when to His angels came
The Almighty Master for their joy, to those

The holy ones in heaven, who from the first
Had dwelt in glory; when their Ruler came,
Almighty God, into His fatherland.

WITHIN the poisoned vale, nerveless and weak
I sit, as one without a destiny
Might sit, forgotten of the fateful three,
One, who in life, in death, had naught to seek.
Come winds on the deep silence brooding, speak,
Rouse my dull soul.— Low in the grass I see
Once more the golden dice, once more for me
The dawn is breaking, look on yonder peak!

Awake, awake! Haimdallah blows his horn;
All things shall change, new heavens and new earth,
Baldur shall come again, the weak be strong.

Awake! And with that cry my soul is borne
Up on wide spreading wings, and feels the birth,
Feeble as yet, of heaven-entrusted song.

THE sea and the sky would make her
A woman wise and strong,
 So the stars were her teachers all the night
 Shedding above her their unveiled light,
While the ocean sang to her heart its song;
 And they made her a woman strong and wise,
 A loving woman with wonderful eyes
Searching the depth of each soul to find
The selfsame law of the infinite mind,
 The same for the stars and each human soul,
 Making of all a perfect whole.
Deep are the thoughts from sundown to morn,
Strong is the soul of the ocean-born,
 Strong as the sea-wind, strong as the blast
 Of the storm; but this glorious strength at last
Dying must fail, as the storm-winds cease,
While the thoughts of that soul still full of peace
 Unmoved as the stars in their pathway go.
 Whither she went, the stars may know,
But the winds from over the earth-born sea
Bring this word only to you and to me:—
 “A wind from eternity’s ocean blown
 Is lost again in the great unknown.”

BID me not live upon a mountain height
To be by strong winds buffeted, alone
'Mid stunted grass and piles of rifted stone,
My soul awe-sticken and oppressed at sight
Of the vast outstretched world, to feel the might
And power of the invisible, the unknown,
To hear in strident winds no pitying tone,
And stand unshadowed in clear, searching light:
Nay, rather let me dwell where I can hear
The oriole singing in the orchard, see
Red maple blossoms 'gainst the limpid blue
Of a warm sky, and smell the sweet-grass near
And violets.— But if this may not be,
Then make me to the sterner vision true.

HEAR the people shouting,
Shouting in the street,
Clatter and confusion,
Hurrying of feet;
Out from the great city
Pours an eager throng,
Going forth to meet Christ
With palms and with the song:—
“Blessed, He that cometh,
King of Israel.”

Hear the children singing,
Hosannas in the street,
Above the din and tumult,
Hosannas, shrill and sweet;
Bearing Christ in triumph
Surges back the crowd,
While children sing, “Hosanna,”
And men shout high and loud:—
“Blessed, He that cometh,
King of Israel.”

And lo, a king; for this end was He born,

The Son of God, with majesty so great
The little pride of earth could find no place
In that high soul; but pity for the race,
Large, godlike pity, made Him patient wait
Amid Hosannas for the crown of thorn.

LONG years ago, in Ophra near a grove,
Stood Gideon, that mighty man of valor
Whose stature vied with that of kingly Saul;
There pondering some weighty thought he stood,
From the keen-sighted Midianite concealed;
For he had seen an angel face to face,
Who promised Peace; it sounded mockery.
Peace that abides with holiness and beauty,
And stretches wide her pinions 'neath the stars,
Finds no place here midst arrogance and terror.
Then with a curl of his proud lip he cried:—

“And me he called a man of valor, me!
Who dare not venture on the open hill
Lest I be seen by the devouring foe;
But in the shadow of the wine-press here
Skulk like a coward. Israel crouching lies
Hounded and helpless in the caves and dens
Of rocky passes inaccessible;
Their harvests pillaged; robbed, insulted, slain,
Their hearts are turned to water. Can men dare,
A handful scattered on the ragged hills,
When on the plains the Midianites are spread
Like grasshoppers for multitude? ‘Fear not:’

So spake the angel, and, 'Thou shalt not die.'
Promising peace, the while he talked of battle.
So long as yonder hawk circles on high
There is no shelter for the Dove of Peace,
'Tis true: yet here I hesitating stand,
A coward!"

All the valley of Jezreel

He seemed to see weltering in blood. The sound
Of jumping chariot wheels, the clash of swords,
The prancing horses beating on the ground
With iron hoofs, the shout of those that triumphed,
The curse of those that fell, the wild uproar
Of battle filled his brain. His soul afire
Was lifted: courage came.

There would he build

An altar to the Lord; and stone on stone
He set with proper care, as Jacob once
In Bethel builded. Flushed his knitted brow,
His swelling veins pulsed with a joy exultant;
He named the place—while in his soul there raged
The discordant crash of battle, with drawn sword
Flaming against the sky—he named the place
"Jehovah shalom, Let the Lord send Peace."

THE dead are calling, and I go in haste,
At night; in the wide darkness overhead
The glimmer of faint stars; beneath, a waste,
A wilderness of waters densely dark,
Save for the pallid glint of distant lights
Shifting uneasy on the moving tide.
Fearful the dark uncertainty of things,
The formless shadows of two hulks, that glide
Lifeless and black upon the sullen flow
Of a resistless tide, drawing them down
Into the wide mysterious darkness, down
Into the night. — And Silence, bending low
With finger on her lip, meets my long gaze:
'Tis night, the dead are calling and I go.

But now the spirit, for an instant caught,
Entangled in the mind's dark meshes, flings
The shadows back, breaks through the deadening night
Triumphant, large; sees clearly into things,
Sees in the gloom but shadowed forms of day,
Sees the dark air all palpitant with light;
And in the all-surrounding silence hears
Whispered suggestions of a glorious morrow,

An undimmed Morning Star flaming the whole
Of truth, deep to the calming of all sorrow,
Pure to the cleansing of the inmost soul.
And those black hulks slip by me, through the waste
Of darkness to mystery beyond.—
The dead are calling and I go, in haste.

ANGELIC soul, that human-hearted sings
In heaven unseen, turn from us thy pure eyes
Not made for tears. Love draws thee from the skies?
Then must thou see beneath the show of things,
See through the shadow that man's passion flings
Athwart the light divine, see that truth lies
Wrapt in life's tangled web, and trusting rise
So comforted, hope strengthening thy wings:
For love that has a spark of the divine
Must live, though 'neath the rubbish of our lives,
'Neath contradictions, purposes askew,
At times like a dull ember it may shine.
Earth-passions burned to ashes, love survives,
And underneath the false smolders the true.

EXQUISITE songs he drew with facile bow
From the glad violin; then laid it by,
And in the dust forgotten let it lie,
Dumb where a wealth of melody might flow,
Silent its harmonies of joy and woe,
Its tuneful lays, its liquid notes and high,
A thousand blended chords that laugh and sigh,
All these are lost; and he, he does not know:
So now the songs of our sweet friendship sleep,
My tensioned heart is tuned, but waits the sweep
Of sympathetic touch to make it thrill;—
Neglected let it lie, and in despair
You play but discord, all the songs are there,
But your too careless hand has lost its skill.

FAILED," did you say? The work of years laid waste?
And yet my soul refuses to repine;
What if the Fates have drawn a blackened line
Across life's page fair written, and effaced
The promised good, my soul is not abased;
I still must fight my fight, the courage mine
In darkness to believe the light will shine,
And so go calmly on and in no haste.
To fail? Still may I have the strength to fight
Though there be but one issue, though the night
Must come; go bravely where the spirit leads,
Facing defeat fight on unto the death,
And knowing all is lost draw even breath;
That is the courage that my soul most needs.

SAD Corydon sat piping in the shade,
Grieving for his lost love.—
The while his arm encircled Phyllis;
And as upon his pipe he played
Dimmed memories of the bygone years
In strange disguises came,
And tenderly he called her name,
Called her his “darling” once again.—
Then to his Phyllis lisped the same.
Took up the wreath for her he made
And tried it now on Phyllis.
Sad Corydon a-grieving in the shade.
If only Corydon were true,
His piping not so badly out of tune,
If Corydon but knew
That he was playing false
He might at last pipe true.

A PARK, a highway, and the hot noon-glare;
The woman on the bench, the dusty bench
Beside the bold, blank road, the woman there
With profile chiseled like a Greek's, her hair
Dark as her eyes, the woman on the bench
Sits motionless, Semiramis in rags,
A queen deposed.— And Sin triumphant brags
Of no more lordly conquest than sits there.
There like a tigress tensioned for a spring
She moves not; only her eyes move, her eyes
In which the fires smoulder.

Beyond the park
A public square stone-paved, then palaces;
The boy, there yonder in the open square,
By his strong stature more a man than boy,—
The day at noon, no shade, the square deserted,—
Reels in his walk; staggers, and then reels on.
Not a breath stirs. The woman on the bench,
The dark woman with the Greek profile, starts;
The tigress quivers; all the bitterness
Of years gone by, hate, triumph, scorn possess
The woman, cat-like working some vile spell
To blast him yonder, crush him in her might.

— He lunges forward; staggers; stumbles; falls.—
Then her black eyes with devilish delight
Flash, blaze with all the pent-up fires of hell;
And Satan himself incarnate, laughs.

A SUMMER morning but the air is chill,
The window closed, and one thin curtain drawn,
Drawn to one side, and clear the sun's bright rays
Fall on a table flooding it with light,
A table jewel-covered, all ablaze
With flashing diamonds, amethyst and gold,
Round lustrous pearls, and mystic opals bright
With magic colors, graven turquoise old
And very rare, and other precious things;
O'er all of which the morning sunlight flings
An added glory. Very old is she
Beside the table, drawing now her chair
Nearer the window so the sunlight there
May fall across her knees; a coat of lace
She wears high collared, no soft filmy scarf
To hide the wrinkles at her throat; and see
How plainly in her strong fine-featured face
Past triumphs and a will that still commands
Are mirrored. Quietly erect she sits,
Unconsciously erect for all her years;
And those sad eyes, late dimmed by many tears,
Those faded eyes beneath that level brow,
How those dim eyes are riveted just now

Upon the sapphires shining on her lap.
She lifts them in her hands, her long white hands,
Better to catch the light, to feel their weight.
Her lips are moving, she is muttering:—
“Ah, but the price, the price of these was great.”

The kindly sunlight warming her stiff knees
Shines on the sapphires, gold and topaz piled
There on her lap,— No that is a mistake,
No sapphires there, no topaz, and no gold!
See 'tis a child, a very little child,
Has laid his golden head down trustingly
In the glad flood of sunshine on her knee;
Gold shining there that never could be priced,
Such as Neroccio once in old Siena
Pictured divinely in the infant Christ.
And soft his blue eyes dreaming happily.
How her hands tremble, hands so veined and old,
Shake as they smooth this soft, rare, human gold
So without price; and stooping down she sighs,
While the short golden ringlets softly cling
About her stiffened fingers in caress;
Her thin lips smile, and yet again she sighs.
Moved by some sudden impulse, some excess
Of joyous love, the child throws back his head,
His golden head, and laughs into her eyes,
His own blue eyes shining like bits of heaven,

Then drops his lustrous head upon her knee
Content to dream; as rosebud and the rose,
The withered rose, on the same bush these two.
In the glad flood of morning sunlight glows
The golden mass of curls, like sapphires blue
The baby eyes that dream; the jewels shine
There on the table, glittering in the sun:
And very old is she in costly lace
Beside the table in her easy-chair,
And very sad her strong fine-featured face.

'Tis growing dark, a sudden shadow falls,
The sunlight vanishes, the child is gone;
And on the table there so beautiful,
So bright and sparkling while the sunlight shone,
The jewels now lie colorless and dull;
And those dim eyes are riveted once more
On the great sapphires lying on her knee.
Those faded eyes beneath that level brow,
Those sad eyes now are searching wistfully
About the empty room; the air is chill;
She listens, but the room is very still;
Into the emptiness and stillness—Hush!
She whispers, whispers but a single word,
Lifting her eyes from which all joy has flown,
Whispers so softly it can scarce be heard,
Wistfully whispers just one word:—“Alone.”

GREEN is the grass on the sandy ledge,
And beyond is the wonderful blue of the sea,
Where the little waves dance as the wind goes by,
The sea that melts at the world's far edge
Into the blue of a clear June sky.
The little waves chased by the wind to the land
Break on long stretches of purple sand;
And children are laughing and rowing a boat,
An oysterman's boat to keep it afloat,
An oysterman's boat moored fast to the shore.

Hard working they pull, but the waves with a roar,
The jolly big waves of an incoming tide,
Suddenly slap the old boat on the side
And swing it around and drive it to land.
Then the boy at the bow puts his pole in the sand,
The boy flaxen haired as a Norseman of old,
And stoutly he pushes, and tightens his hold
As he struggles to point the old boat to sea,
While the two little rowers row merrily;
The jolly waves push, and the children pull,
And the breakers are tumbling in foaming spray,
As it flies all about the children shout,
And the wind's in a frolic and gay.

BROWN as an Indian, naked and free,
Just from the bath, a child faun is he,
 Flinging his arms and swinging,
 Suddenly upward springing
Into the air,
 Bringing his foot down, singing,
 While round his face are clinging
Ringlets of hair;
 He and the little one in the glass,
Each to his little brother,
 Bob and curtsy as they pass
Laughing at one another;
 Each one now with gestures wild
 Dances, prances to the other child:
Wilder and gayer he dances round
With many a leap and many a bound,
 Flinging his arms and swinging,
 Suddenly upward springing
Into the air,
 Bringing his foot down, singing,
 While round his face are clinging
Ringlets of hair:
 Brown as an Indian, naked and free,
 Just from the bath, a child faun is he.

THOU and I are part of one another,
O wild wind, remember we are one,
Nature is our common mother;
Why, what have I ever done
To thee, that thou shouldst blow
With such fierce force against me?
Take care! Dost thou not know
Another breath like that, another shock,
Would push me headlong from this rock,
And hurl me lifeless to the vale below?
O feelingless and blind,
Thou brother wind!
One sweep of thy rough hand—what then?
I lie below there in the glen
A pulseless mass,
And thou wilt pass
Singing above me in the trees.

O wind so powerful and bold,
Thou hast no heart,
Thou canst not know what love is:
Though clinging here in fright,
Trembling before thy might,

I am a spirit far above thee;
For I, I have a heart, a heart is mine;
For even in a storm like this
When thou art so unkind,
O brother wind,
I still can love thee.

A SONG, at morning, through the open casement,
The joyous singing of a Tyrol maid,
And to the waking soul there comes the vision
Of what life might be, were it not afraid;
Of what life should be, were the spirit strong,
Conscious of life's true greatness, and of power
To vanquish, and to overcome the wrong.
'Tis always morning and the day just breaking;
Up spirit! Greet the new day with a song.

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